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It is no secret that LIFE is the most serious paper in the country. Also (occasionally) the most humorous. We aim to displease a certain proportion of people who deserve it. We are keeping fairly cheerful, thank you, and would suggest that you send LIFE every week (as a patriotic duty) to some boy you know at the front. Forward us the address and the proper amount, and we will do the rest.

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Mail for the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe is being regularly forwarded. Give name, also name of his unit, as "W. J. Smith, United States Army Base Hospital No. 10, American Expeditionary Forces," and the paper will go regularly.

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A Large Contract for Germans

MAJOR MORAHT, German military critic, finds that the great lesson of the war for Germany is more army.

"In the view," he says, "of our most intelligent leaders, the great structure of our army will be extended," and he adds:

Every German soldier will be pleased at the end of this war, but he rejoices at present that there is no enemy on German soil, and he demands that we must secure ourselves against such a surprise attack as was made by our enemies in 1914.

"Such a surprise attack as was made by our enemies in 1914"! Well, affairs are in such a case now that a German military expert must say what he can, and what might seem to be a stroke of humor is grim necessity. What Major Moraht's position really is, is that Germany in future must always be fully prepared to thrash the rest of the world.

That seems to us outsiders a large contract for Germany to be up to, and, possibly, in time, Germans will come to see it so.

It is precisely against this position suggested by Major Moraht that the United States has gone into the war. We support the opinion that the world cannot afford to postpone a final settlement with the Germans. It is a case of do-it-now. If they must thrash the world or be thrashed, this is the time to settle which it is to be. The Germans are in as good practice as they can ever hope to be; the world is considerably prepared, and getting more so. Now is the time to settle once for all this momentous and most unwelcome question, whether the Germans are to thrash the world or the world must thrash the Germans.

Nicholas, Also

Colonel fulfills promise that four sons and one son-in-law would serve country.

—Newspaper headline, June 25.

IT should be explained that the Colonel's other son-in-law, Hon. Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, recovered his seat in Congress, and is now a member of that body. Affidavits can be had that he also serves his country. The Colonel might safely have promised that he would. Perhaps he did.



BACK TO NATURE

Nujol the Internal Cleanser

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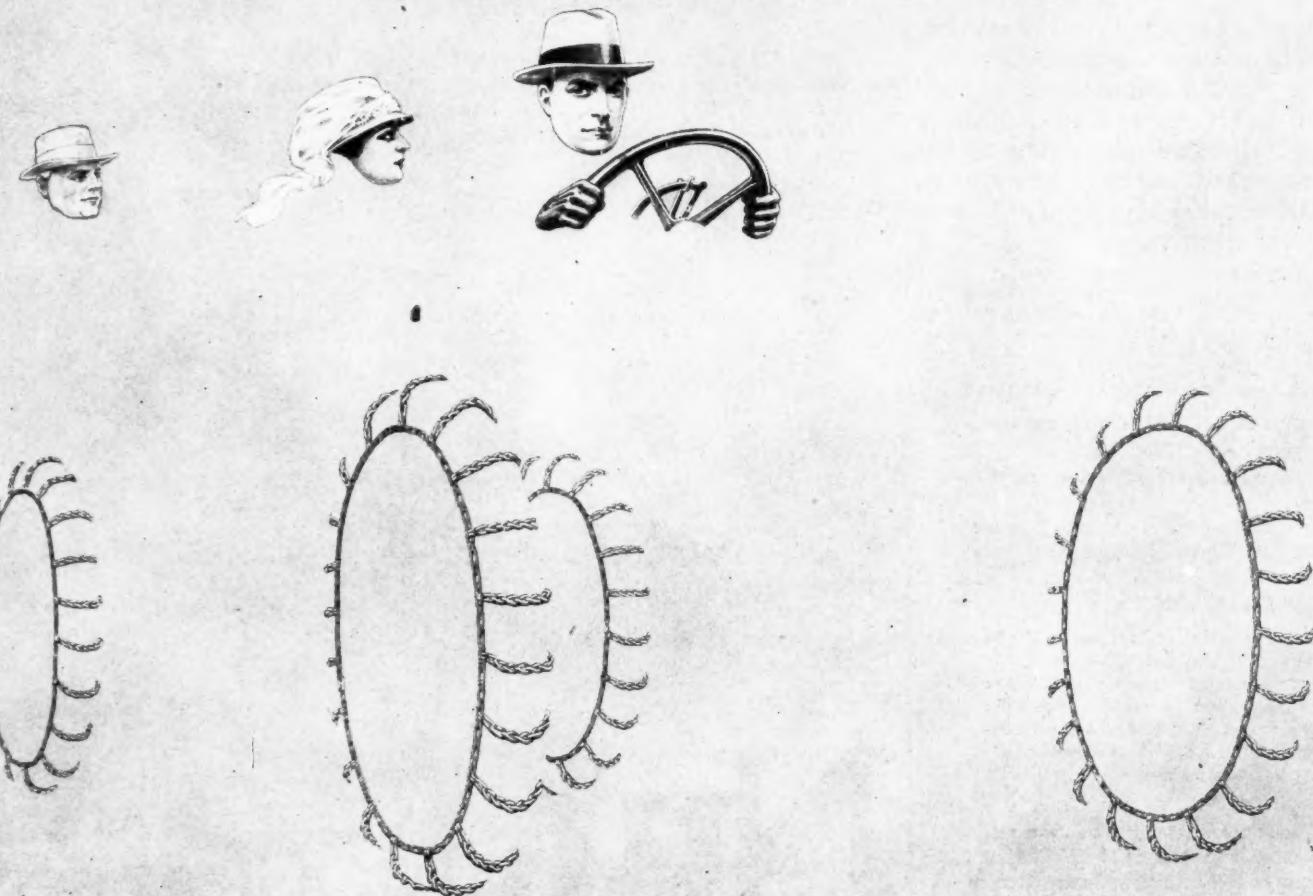
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Cubist Poems

After Gertrude Stein

WOODROW WILSON

MAY I not may I not may I not?
Prunes and persimmons pale and
placid, pernickety parsnips on a pre-
cious portfolio.

Daring dove, what is so difficult as
a mauve typewriter? Distrust and dis-
likableness, doubtless.

May I not?
Yes, I may not!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

There is a something a something
an everything and a tumultuousness.

I am I am slam bang slametty bang
bang boom!

Wallop, wallop, wallop!
Zowie!

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

A keyhole a keyhole a narrow aper-
ture.

Smaller than a peanut, smaller than
a gnat, smaller than a microcosm, and
then some.

Flub dub, flubbery dubbery, twaddle
twaddle twaddle.

Piffle.

Kenneth L. Roberts.



THE LEADING MAN

LIFE

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1916, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty years. In that time it has expended \$161,919.26 and has given a fortnight in the country to 38,190 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$4,393.80
D. H. Grandin Milling Co.....	27.00
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W. R. Mansel.....	5.00
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Helen Orford.....	1.00
Proceeds of a play given by the B. Club at Framingham, Mass., entitled "A Precious Pickle," under direction of Mrs. H. M. Beckwith. Those taking part included: Elizabeth Bridges, Betty Boldgett, Eleanor Kerwin, Virginia Rice, Marjorie Potter, Helen Beckwith, Grace Kay, Elizabeth Kingman, Marion E. Dewey, Marie Matthews, Stanley Wood, Everett Gibbs, Edward Herrick, Edmund Powell, Karl Deschamps and Robert Canning..	
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ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

A box of children's clothing from Mrs. Huntzinger, 930 Park Avenue, New York City.

Her View

"DEAR," he said,
"Lift up that charming head;
Look in my eyes and see
The glow of constancy!"

"But," she smiled,
As candid as a child,
"Each girl that looks, you know,
Sees her face in the glow!"

Fetching the Future Loose from Prussia

EVER since the war began we have been saying to ourselves, and having it said to us, that it was going to change the world and all its habits.

No doubt it will, a great deal, and what sort of details of change it will bring will depend upon who wins it.

For the future is always the child of the past. We know the past of Prussia and what the future is likely to be if Prussia shapes it. We also know our own past.

Our own past has defects. We are aware of that. The Prussian past has merits. We know that, too. But what we Americans are in this war for is to bring it about that this new life that is coming to the world shall be the child of our past, rather than of Prussia's.

And why not? Can any people living look back on a century of endeavor and accomplishment, especially in self-government, which is fitter to be the parent of the century to come than

that which in these States lies back of us?

Not in all things but in many that are important, the United States offer a pattern to mankind. They are now, by force of circumstances, committed to the effort to secure for men the right to adopt that pattern if they like it.

That is why our sons have gone to training camps or face the draft, our daughters record their years and abilities at the summons of the Governor, and our dollars run to meet the Liberty Bonds, or fall for the Red Cross. It is all because we choose that our past and not Prussia's shall be the parent of the future; all because we have buckled to a formidable undertaking in the faith that once started, we are a formidable people; all because we have chosen as we should, and intend to make good.

IF economy is the soul of wealth, is it worth while saving?



"THAT DOG'S A WONDERFUL ANIMAL, SIR. WHY! LAST SUMMER HE SAVED THREE CHILDREN FROM DROWNING, AND THE HUMANE SOCIETY GAVE HIM A MEDAL. THERE'S THE MEDAL!"



GO PREPARED IF YOU WISH TO ENJOY AMERICAN SCENERY

The Man We Like

THE man who, when he has nothing to say, says it. The man who is contented with his lot because he has a lot to be contented with. The man who believes the world owes him a living, proves the claim, and collects the debt.

Ideas

TO have ideas and to be silent is wisdom. Not to have ideas and to be silent is prudent.

To have ideas and not to be silent is egotism. Not to have ideas and not to be silent is ignorance.

Feed the Railroads

WHILE money is being handed about, let us hope the railroads will get theirs.

Impoverished railroads are to a country—especially this country—what hardened arteries are to a man. This is no time for these States to be afflicted with any such disease. The safety of the world and our success in the war depend on transportation. The railroads are doing, and have to do, an immense work. They must be fed. It is contrary to Scripture to muzzle the ox when he treads out the corn, and it is contrary to patriotism, business sense and all the other virtues to starve the railroads that haul coal, iron, wheat, troops and all the other necessities for the world's salvation.

Everything the railroads buy—labor, coal, iron, cars—has gone up, up, up! What they sell has had no corresponding rise.

The finger of the Interstate Commerce Commission should be ever on the railroad pulse in these times.



"DO YOU REMEMBER THAT HAIR RESTORER YOU SOLD ME?"

"OH, YES, SIR, VERY WELL."

"PLEASE LET ME HAVE SIX MORE BOTTLES. I WANT TO MAKE A FOOL OF A FRIEND OF MINE."



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 6
A FRIEND OF MOLLY'S INSISTS ON GIVING THE WILLOWBYS A LIFT TO CHURCH

Good-bye, Queen Sophia

HOHENZOLLERN consorts are ruling pretty heavy in the royalty market these days. Exit King Constantine of Greece, who had the heaviest handicap of that sort in Europe. Queen Sophia, the Kaiser's sister, was his wife, and fully earned her share of whatever the war is bringing to her family. Her second son, Alexander, succeeds his father for the time being, but it remains to be seen whether, in the end, any of the Hohenzollern stock will be tolerated in positions of power in Europe. Alexander's best course would seem to be to apply to the Greek legislature for permission to change his name. When Greece comes to figure out what her late Prussian Queen has cost her, Alexander's usefulness as a titular monarch may seem too speculative to be risked.

"**B**Y the way, old chap, are you and Mrs. Poindexter in any way related?"
"Only through having the same children."



A WATCHED POT THAT SEEMS TO BE BOILING

Not His Fault

SHE went swiftly up to the tall, handsome stranger, who was not over thirty, and said: "Have you done your bit?" "I don't understand," he replied. "Have you contributed any money to the war?" "No." "Perhaps you are an agricultural worker?" "I am not." "Maybe you are a married man, and there is some reason why you can't go?" "None." "Oh, now I understand. You are just fooling me. You were the first to enlist two years ago. You've been over there fighting in the

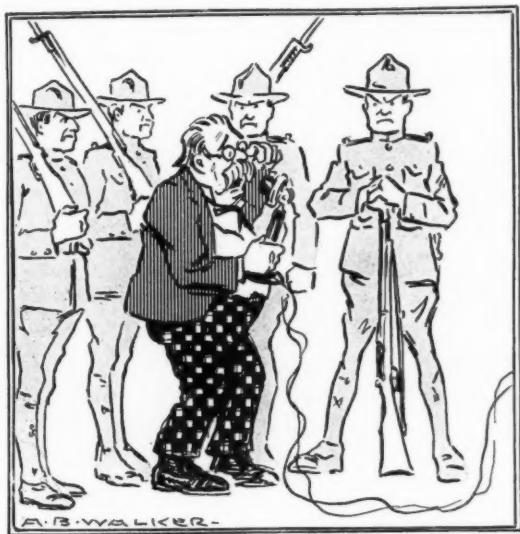
trenches. You were wounded. You came back with the Legion of Honor, the Victoria Cross and the D. S. O. And now you are on a furlough, and are going back next week."

He shook his head vaguely.

"Not guilty," he said.

"Then, sir, if you are physically sound, if you are the correct age, if you are not married, and if you are an American, why is it you are not in the war?"

"Because, madam," he replied, gravely and sincerely, "up to a few weeks ago I was employed as a clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Navy, and didn't know there was a war."



*The Kaiser: WHY DON'T YOU GERMAN-AMERICANS DO SOMETHING FOR YOUR FATHERLAND?
THEY WON'T LET US."*

Defined

"**P**APA, what is the real difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

"Quite simple, my son. The optimist believes that America will win the war in spite of the administration."

"And the pessimist?"

"The pessimist believes that, if America wins the war, it will be in spite of the administration."

Breakers Ahead!

"**H**AS Christianity made any permanent impression upon the Japanese?"

"Has it? Why, they're liable to double-cross the Allies at any moment!"



After Rain

WONDERFUL silver mist that flows and shines
Across the meadow-lands, that from the deep
And sudden valleys with their great dark trees
Rises like light made tangible, like spray
Slower and softer than the eager fling
That leaps from water, foam, perchance, who knows?
From hidden fairy seas, whose calmer surge
Uplifts this fantasy of loveliness.

Leolyn Louise Everett.

The Lost Dog

HE stands on the corner of the city street, trembling and anxious, his nose outstretched, his tail drooping—the shaggy brown dog who has lost his master in the crowd. He sniffs the air, now this way, now that, for the familiar scent. He runs to one after another of the passers-by, returning hurriedly to his post in evident fear of missing the well-known form. A friendly voice rouses his transient interest. He follows after the stranger a few steps, with wagging tail and brown eyes raised in appeal, only to dodge back in clumsy haste. In his excitement he gets in the way of pedestrians, only to slink back from their muttered imprecations.

At intervals he scratches on the door which his master entered hours before. His distress evokes pity or mockery from onlookers, according to type. A passing dog makes a tentative dash in his direction, but his indifference is an effective barrier, and the enemy strolls leisurely away.

Traffic grows less and less. Pedestrians appear only at intervals. Doors are locked. The brown dog leaps from the doorstep just in time to miss a well-aimed kick, to return as the sound of footsteps grows faint. Whining under his breath, he stands, patient but grief-stricken. After awhile he curls into a ball and lies shivering on the spot where the beloved feet have passed. He cries out plaintively as he sleeps, still seeking his master!

Drawing the Color Line

THE Blue Mouse spoke slowly, with a suggestion of nervousness.

"I hope I am sincere," said the Blue Mouse. "Not that I doubt it, of course."

"I am quite positive you are," said the Red Cat. "Otherwise I should have devoured you long ago."

"You mean—" said the Blue Mouse, forcing a smile.

"It is quite simple. Mice, as you may know, are my favorite food. It has been a primal instinct for a long time in our family. Now, of course, the habit has become so fixed that we feed on mice as a matter of course, and to keep up our reputation. But our predilection for mice, you understand, extends only to those that are not blue. It is a well-known fact that all mice are insincere, except blue mice. Also all red cats, as, of course, you must know, or you wouldn't be here, are committed to the policy of never, under any circumstances, devouring a sincere mouse. You are blue! Therefore you are sincere. Therefore you are safe."

"But, as I understand it," said the Blue Mouse, "this only applies to red cats. A cat of any other color—a black or white or gray cat—for example, would just as soon eat up a blue mouse as not."

"So I understand from hearsay," replied the Red Cat. "But I am bound to say that I do not know from actual observation."

"Then you have never seen a blue mouse eaten up by a red cat?"

"No, I can't say that I have."

"And may I ask you another question? I am blue because I am sincere—at least, that appears to be evident. But why are you red?"

"Because I am the only one fitted to understand your sincerity. In a world of sham and illusion, someone must do this. Hence I am set aside for the task."

"Then the only quality for which you are distinguished is that of appreciating sincerity—and for this you are red."

"Precisely."

The Blue Mouse was evidently laboring under a great emotion. But he controlled himself admirably.

"Have you ever seen any other mouse like me?" he asked.

"Never."

"Neither have I ever seen a red cat. But I am glad to have met you."

He spoke perfunctorily, as if he had put on that kind of society manner which is the prop of so many conventional people. Yet it was quite evident that he was perfectly sincere in what he said.

"I am very glad to have met you," he went on, with a quaint little gulp, "you are the only one who appreciates or understands me. And I want to ask you to do me a favor."

The Red Cat, who, by temperament, was extremely sympathetic, was deeply affected by this avowal.



Kengle

"BRESS MA SOUL! EF DEM ENGLISH CHOPS HAIN'T SCRAPPIN' WIF DEM GERMAN FRIED POTATOES!"

"Alas!" murmured the Red Cat, "that is true. Ask me anything."

"I am entirely alone in the world. I have no friends. I always tell the truth, and nobody will associate with me. I am completely cut off from the society of mice everywhere. How miserable I am only you can understand. My friend, this is the favor I would ask of you. Disobey all instructions and eat me up."

The Red Cat, who had up to this time been much interested and moved, now began to act like so many people who make loud protestations of fidelity, but fail when put to the test.

"I'm not sure you would agree with me," said the Red Cat. "I've never had an ounce of sincerity in me. Besides, I ought not to transgress the sacred law of the Catabolian writings which declare that no red cat shall eat a blue mouse. It's a matter of conscience entirely with me. I have an awful, an unyielding sense of duty."

"But in you lies the Nirvana of my hopes. All outside is despair and misery—a living hell."

(Continued on page 77)



IF WE USED AS MUCH CARE IN ACQUIRING A WIFE AS WE DO IN HIRING A STENOGRAPHER

Anaphylactic Idiosyncrasy

OUT in San Francisco, six-year-old Tommie Pennington was romping in his front yard. An officer of the board of health came and injected into him something called antitoxin. In less than half an hour the boy was dead. Thus it is stated in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, January 4, 1917.

"It was unavoidable," declared another health officer. "I have no doubt it was a case of anaphylactic shock. One person in about ten thousand has an idiosyncrasy against serums."

These few technical words derived from the Greek ought to make the matter clear.

This is the way it is: If you are inoculated with a serum and nothing noticeable happens to you, you have been prevented from having some disease

which you wouldn't have had anyway.

If you are inoculated with a serum and later develop tuberculosis, infantile paralysis, cancer or some other disorder, no doctor will admit that the serum had anything to do with it.

But if you are inoculated with a serum and die so soon thereafter that the sequence of cause and effect is unavoidable and the case gets into the newspapers, then you are serumatically and anaphylactically idiosyncratic; which explanation absolves serums of all their sins, cleanses them of all their impurities and proves that they are everything that their most ardent devotees claim for them.

Ellis O. Jones.

MANKIND will soon be divided into two classes—Pro-Germans and human beings.



"I WISH MOTHER WASN'T SO BUSY WITH
RED CROSS WORK"

· L I F E ·

A Marching Song for America

FROM the mountains, wreathed
and hoary,
From the river and the plain,
From the seaboard and the valley,
We are marching forth again.
We are marching, marching,
marching,
In answer to the call
Of justice for the nations
And liberty for all.

We are coming, we are coming,
As the pilgrims came of yore.
We will rally 'round Old Glory
As our fathers did before.
We are marching, marching,
marching—
Millions marching — to the
call
Of justice for the nations
And liberty for all.

With no malice in our bosom,
With no hate, no dreams of greed,
Where the stricken millions beckon,
Where the maimed and starving
bleed,
We are marching, marching, march-
ing,
In answer to the call
Of justice for the nations
And liberty for all.

Note: These words are protected by LIFE's copyright, and may not be reprinted or republished without consent first obtained from Life Publishing Company.

The Winner of the \$500 Competition

THE above verse has been awarded the prize of five hundred dollars offered by LIFE for the best poem suitable for use as a war song.

The author and winner of the prize is EDITH WILLIS LINN, Glenora, N. Y.

The four thousand six hundred and one manuscripts submitted in the contest received a careful first reading to eliminate those which were manifestly unsuitable. This resulted in winnowing out all but two hundred manuscripts, which were by further reading and comparison reduced to

fourteen for final consideration by the judges. These were given a most faithful examination, with the result that "A Marching Song for America" was decided to have complied most nearly with the conditions laid down for the competition. Later on we expect to print some of the other songs to give our readers opportunity for comparison.

LIFE would naturally be glad to have the words inspire some American musician to compose a musical setting which would stir the enthusiasm of the whole people. We must, however, retain some control of such efforts, and call the attention of composers and publishers to the above notice in italics.



AFTER THE WAR
Chorus: OH, MAMMA! CAN'T WE GIVE HIM SOME OF OUR DINNER?



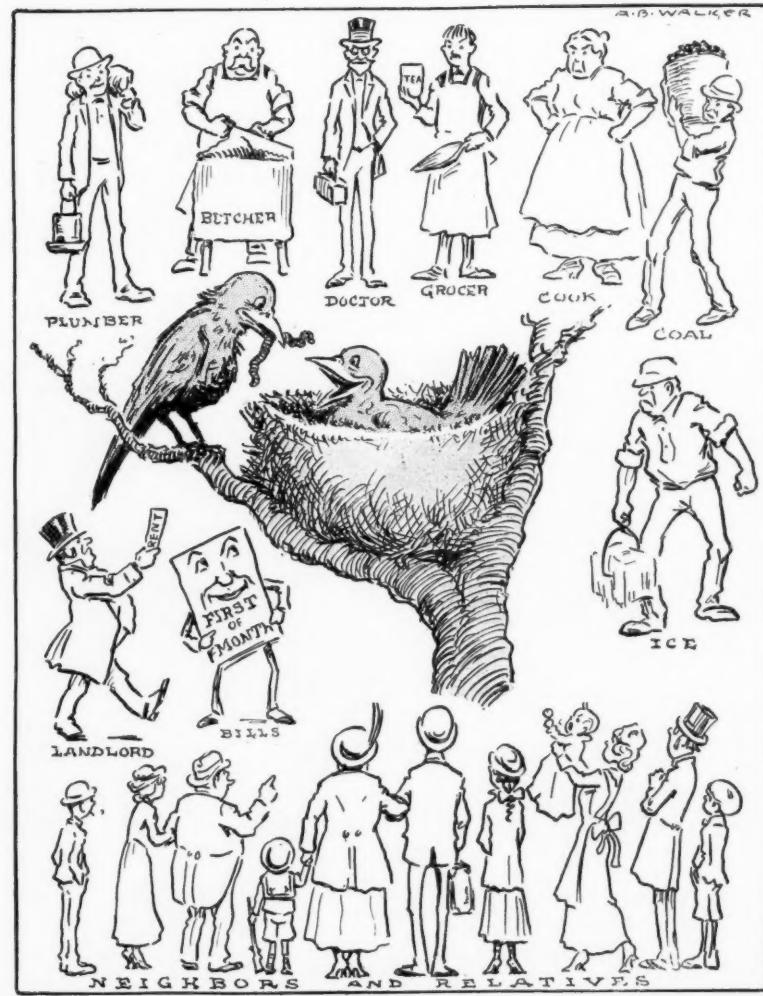
"WHO SAID U-BOATS?"

Don't Be a Pessimist!

ONE of the strongest traits of the Anglo-Saxon race is its deep-seated conservatism. British conservatism is known the world over, and has long been the butt of wits. We Americans have improved over England somewhat because we have had to go through the innovating process of breaking in a new continent. But after all, we hate to be disturbed. Our passion for novelty is acute only when it does not affect our pocketbooks. We enjoy intensely the sight of two engines coming together on the same track, but only when they do not belong to us. The tax which affects the other fellow is highly diverting, but not when it reaches home. It is curious, however, along with this conservatism, this resentment at having our system of life upset, is the American tendency to go to extremes. Because Congress—which, after all, fairly represents the nation—feinted at putting taxes upon certain industries, and dilly-dallied at the same time, and because big loans had suddenly to be raised and other taxes imposed, the business world, jarred out of its rut, jumped to the conclusion almost overnight that the bottom had dropped out of everything. The facts are, of



"OH, LITTLE BOY, I WOULDN'T SIT ON THAT ICE IF I WERE YOU!"
 "WOULDN'T YE? M-M-MAYBE YOUR F-FATHER DIDN'T SPANK YOU THIS M-M-MORNIN'!"



WOULD THEY BE SO KEEN ABOUT IT IF THEY HAD OUR HUMAN TROUBLES TO CONTEND WITH?

course, that America, from every standpoint, is the wealthiest and most resourceful nation on earth; that there is small prospect of our being invaded; that a war always stimulates industry and induces prosperity, and that the expense of this war cannot only be easily borne, but is one of the most salutary things which could have come to awaken us from our extravagant and wasteful habits. The food problem is the most serious one, and to that we should bend all of our energies. Our solution of it will save the body and soul of world liberty.

Cable Dispatch

BERLIN, Nov. 8, 1918.—Final results show that William Hohenzollern was defeated for President of the German Republic by Johannes Schultz, a sausage-maker of Munich. The vote was:

Schultz	7,639,482
Hohenzollern	7

Hohenzollern has six sons.

MOTTO of the Order of Gambrinus: Cheer up! The thirst is yet to come!



THE SPIRIT OF JULY 14TH



JULY 12, 1917.

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 70
No. 1811

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

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IT has been possible for some time to get a food bill through Congress provided it had enough prohibition in it. On June 23d the House passed a bill that prohibited the use of "foods, food materials or feeds" to produce alcohol (except for certain specified uses) or alcoholic beverages. To this measure the Senate Committee on Agriculture gave long consideration. It proposed to empower the President to permit the making of beer and wine if he considered it would be "in the public interest," but after a day or two of deep thought and discussion it gave up beer and offered the Senate a bill that allowed the President to permit wine making, but banned the manufacture of other alcoholic beverages.

There, at this writing, the bill hangs. There is no very noisy objection to stopping the use of grain for making whiskey, partly because whiskey has few friends, and partly because there is a gratifying supply of it in stock; but the prospect of a complete suspension of the flow of beer disturbs a large area of the public mind. The brewers, with a billion dollars in their business, don't like it, of course. Beer pays about 140 millions a year in revenue to the government, and that would be missed. Farmers, especially in New England, feed brewers' grains to cattle, thereby producing milk, and can ill spare this fodder. Finally, quite a number of people make beer a part of their daily diet, and are loath to stop. So the feeling about beer is

pretty formidable. No nation in the war has, so far, shut down entirely on beer.

As for wine, to prohibit the use of grapes for wine making would be a shocking waste, for after the limited demand for grape juice has been met, nothing else can be done with most of the grapes now grown for wine but to make wine of them. There is a chance to promote temperance and introduce an improvement in our national drink habits by encouraging cheap wine as a substitute for dear whiskey. Let us hope that chance will not be missed.

The same argument applies to beer, and especially to beers of low alcoholic content, except that beer is made of barley, and the grain will not be wasted if no beer is made. Whereas to prohibit wine would waste a lot of grapes. But the waste of grain in beer making is small. Yeast is a by-product of brewing as well as fodder.

The President favors a bill that will permit beer and wine to be made subject to restriction by presidential order. That would be a satisfactory solution, and a bill according with it seems likely to be passed.

People are going to drink something after the war. Neither the spirits nor the health of the survivors of the war will be uniformly good, and they will lean on the creature comforts so far as they can get them. It is well worth while to try to plan that our survivors shall lean on wine, or even beer, rather than on whiskey.

Nevertheless, if it is part of our doom at this time to try out the follies

of the prohibitionists, let us not repine. We have got to have a food bill, and must pay for it whatever the pacifists and pro-Germans and fanatics in Congress are able to extort. Settlement with them will come in due time.



WE know now that American troops in considerable number have reached France safely, and have been welcomed with enthusiasm. Such information about it as has come, up to this time of writing, is meagre, but satisfactory so far as it goes. The supposition is that Pershing's division, twenty-seven thousand men or thereabouts, has got across and is on French soil and getting ready for business.

But the business, apparently, is different now from what it was when the first British volunteers and territorials went to France two years and a half, or more, ago. The French and British have learned to be prodigal of metal and saving of men, and they seem to intend to be as saving of ours as the accomplishment of the job will permit. They will not waste our men in rash adventures, and especially are likely to restrain these first ones who are valuable as samples. Yet when our troops get over in force they will be useful to release some of the older French troops for industrial and other pressing duties.

In Russia, if we can trust at all what the newspapers tell us, our gentlemen are able to be truly helpful. Mr. Root seems to be working like a superman, making several speeches a day, and very acceptably; though by what means his discourse is transmuted into effective Russian is not explained. How little those persons who opposed sending Mr. Root knew their man!

Judging from report of Admiral Glennon's speech to the revolutionary sailors of the Black Sea fleet that has come over, it was a miniature masterpiece. The story we get is that he addressed the sailors' council, and told them: "If you want to keep free, stop all dissension. We are all sailors, and we know that safety is possible only



THE ROOT OF THE WHOLE MATTER

when every man aboard does his duty."

When our admiral visited the fleet the sailors had dismissed their officers. We hear that after his visit and his talk they took them back. Like Mr. Root, Admiral Glennon seems a man of a wise spirit, and it is that that counts in Russia to-day. There are excellent reasons why responsible revolutionary Russians should take counsel with Americans and trust them. There is a tradition of friendship between Russia and these States. We have no national aspiration that conflicts with any lawful aspiration of

Russia. We are republicans, and practised in the republican form of government, and there are no better advisers for Russians who want to set up a republican government than the best of our statesmen. Moreover, not with advice alone, but with money and supplies on a great scale, and with industrial experts, we can help Russia to work out her destiny.

We hear of Mr. Root, of Admiral Glennon, of James Duncan, the labor member of the delegation, and a little about General Scott. No doubt Mr. Crane and John R. Mott and the others

are also active. The development of Mr. Mott as an international agent is very interesting. He, too, has a wise spirit, and is a man that even politicians may well keep an eye on



"IN the airplane," says Lord Northcliffe, "lies the one great hope of allied victory."

"Build airplanes and help us win!" says M. Painlevé, the French War Minister.

Admiral Fiske and Admiral Peary are keen for airplanes and hydroplanes in effective numbers. Orville Wright says ten thousand airplanes can win the war. A bill appropriating six hundred millions for these details of militancy is on its way through Congress.

There are no trenches in the skies; nothing to hinder getting at the Germans by the airline, except German airplanes, and to clean them out would go very far towards bringing matters to a finish. It seems a simpler job for us than sending over hundreds of thousands of soldiers and supplies for them, and trucks to haul the supplies, and locomotives and railroad iron and all that. Frank Crane says:

To go on with the war as it has been carried on is to make it a mere wrestling of brute force. To mass the new and boundless resources of America in an attack by air would be worthy of our reputation for originality and inventiveness.

Certainly, it sounds very pretty. How many can we make, and how good? And can we train enough men to fight in them?

If the war lasts long enough we will get right up even with the date in these military matters. We shall be broke, perhaps, but, if so, in that too we shall be right in the fashion. It is very much better that the end of the war should find us with ten billion dollars' worth of military preparation on our hands than with everybody's money in our banks, and no insurance.

LIFE



Back to the F

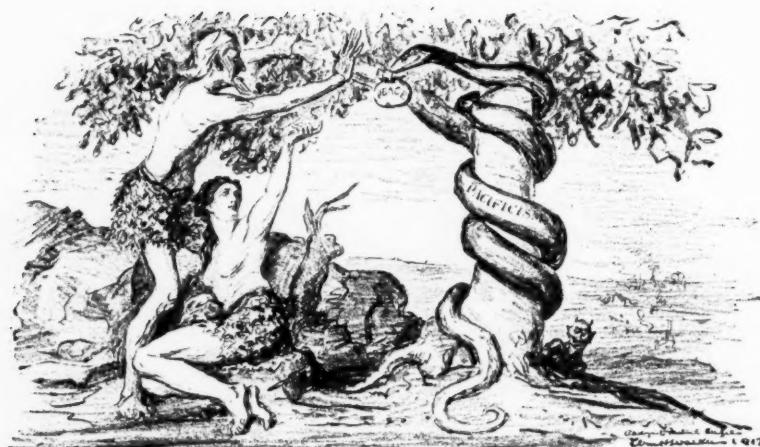
XUM

LIFE



ANGIE MCDONALD

Back to the Farm



Sam: BETTER NOT TOUCH IT, COLUMBIA, IF MADE IN GERMANY

Method

THE greatest danger in hysteria is not the overdoing of a thing, but the doing of it in the wrong way. It is decidedly ill-imagined, for instance, that one should spoil a good lawn to make a poor potato patch; yet that is precisely the event to which a prevalent hysteria is leading many a patriotic citizen. A man with experience in raising potatoes is likely to conclude that the most valuable yield from back yard and front lawn potato patches will be exercise.

Obviously, the place to raise potatoes is on the farm; and surely there is enough legitimate farm territory in this expansive country to raise enough potatoes for all mankind. If there is any doubt about this in anybody's mind, let him consider the fact that Germany in 1915, with her enormous quota of men in the trenches and with a land area approximately equal to the state of Texas, produced four times as many potatoes as the entire United States. The figures for Germany's production of potatoes in normal times are so large as to astound one. It would be a desirable bit of education for any man to look those figures up, and then compare them with our own.

If we must turn tennis courts, front lawns and back yards into potato patches to equal Germany's production of potatoes, we are inefficient indeed. If it is impossible, or even difficult, for our farmers to equal Germany's record in this respect through any economical or social condition, then this young and God-gifted democracy needs a doctor.

Obstacles

COOPER: Why has the great American novel never been written?

WEBSTER: Because, when an American possesses sufficient comprehension of American life and the necessary facility of expression to write such a novel, he becomes a promoter or goes into politics.

Metamorphosis

FRIENDSHIP, I have dreamed you fair,
Sought you, sought you ev'rywhere,
Brought you all the gathered flowers
From the garden of my hours;
Flung them down before your face,
Ardent for your joy and grace.
Do you live or does your flight
Follow still the glow-worm's light
O'er the marshes of the world,
Where the passions sleep, mist-furled?
Ere your eyes shone clear above
You had always changed to love!

Lcoln Louise Everett.

ACROWN prince is known by the companies he does not keep.

Hats Off to a Woman Lawyer

IT was a great achievement to find the body of Ruth Cruger. A persistent woman lawyer did it, after the police had muddled the job, failed in their duty and let the murderer slip through their fingers.

Commissioner Woods may be trusted to put the responsibility for the police failure where it belongs, and to make it duly heavy to bear. Meanwhile, we all take off our hats to Mrs. Grace Humiston. *Finis coronat opus.* She has vindicated the good name of a murdered girl. We are all her debtors.

THIS is a funny world. "Following the flag" means a whole lot of different things to different people. To some it means enlist; to others it means sticking it on the front of their automobile radiators.



SOME HORRORS OF WAR

Our Society Snapshots

HAD THE CAMERA CAUGHT THE WRONG MOMENT



Mrs. B. Initor-Dedd on her favorite mount. She is an accomplished horsewoman, and shows rare form at a fence.



Mr. Plato Punk, who takes salmon fishing seriously. He is shown making a landing without a net.



Master Orville Munnimore, Jr., son of a famous whip, is himself an enthusiastic young horseman.



The J. Cadby Holloheads, who are at present giving some elaborate dinners on their new ocean-going yacht.



HOME AGAIN

Insuring Your Success

THE principle of insurance is that a small fraction of one's daily effort, usually expressed in money, will not be missed at a time, but over a long period will grow so that it becomes a permanent bulwark against any crisis. That idea is a permanent addition to humanity's progress. Now someone recently has discovered, and put into practice, a similar idea, which in time may have a far-reaching effect. It is the idea that every worker in a subordinate position will spend a fraction of his time in learning to do the work just above him. When the worker above him moves up, he will be in a position to take that worker's place. Thus by a simple process of direction in effort there may easily be created a revolution in our whole industrial machine.

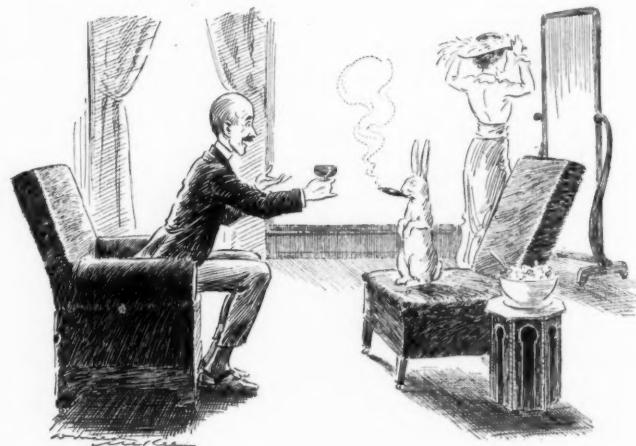
In New York City, for example, the policemen have just begun to study law. Police Commissioner Woods does not, of course, expect to make lawyers out of them, but it is easy to see, in this particular instance, how much more efficient they will become.

The rule is as plain as a pipestem. Everybody should follow it. It is, while doing your own work, take a little time to learn how to do the work of one higher up. He will be glad to help you, because he himself is learning from the man just ahead of him.

Attagirl!

THE LIEUTENANT: May I write you a letter from "somewhere in France"?

THE GIRL: I'd much rather have your letter come from "somewhere in Germany."



IF THE RABBITS BROUGHT THE EASTER HATS

The Right and Wrong Way

KILLING business by taxation is a process invented by Congress, but doomed from the start to failure. The idea is simple. It is to remove most of the water from the stream before it reaches the mill. Then when the mill doesn't go any more, it is to wonder why Providence moves in such a mysterious way.

The proper method of taxing people is after they have made their profits, not before. It is to give them all the chance in the world honestly to exercise their talents by making money, and then to make them pay their proper share. That is why the income tax and the excess profits tax should always bear the greatest burden.

Modern

TEACHER: How many kinds of poetry are there?

PUPIL: Three.

TEACHER: What are they?

PUPIL: Lyric, dramatic and epidemic.



Her Fiancé: I'M SORRY, DARLING, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE TASTE OF YOUR NEW MAKE-UP AT ALL.



The Captain: PRIVATE JONES, YE'RE DETAILED TO CAPTURE ONE O' MRS. PERKINS' PIES, AN' IF YE DON'T RETURN YOUR MOTHER'LL BE NOTIFIED O' YOUR VALOR IN TH' PATH O' DUTY.

The Latest Books

IF *The Drury Lane School of Melodrama* should marry *The Birth of a Nation*—a church wedding, say, with festoons of film down the aisles, moving-picture cameras for ushers, bouquets of lost birth certificates on the altar and a stage thunder storm at the organ; with *Shore Acres* to give the bride away, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as best man, and *Neptune's Daughter* as maid of honor—and if a three-volume novel should presently be born to the happy couple, its parentage would be indisputable, and its name would be "*His Own Country*" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.50), by Paul Kester.

A SLAVE-BORN mulatto who had drifted to Canada after the war, studied medicine, married a white woman and made a fortune, purchases the estate of his bankrupt ex-owner in tide-water Virginia, returns to "his own country," and thus puts a match to the spluttering train of social prejudices, family skeletons, personal intrigues and race animosity that finally sets the whole country by the ears and foreshadows, without quite bringing about, a negro insurrection. The tale is egregiously long; padded with interminable, recurrent and repetitious interludes of garrulous minor "character" talk; peopled with innumer-

able "types" of hoary familiarity; and omits no threadbare trick or device known to melodramatic technique. Yet protesting and skipping and shrugging sophisticated shoulders as one reads—one reads.

A PELLET of protoplasm on a pin-point isn't as spectacular as a problem-melodrama chasing its own tail, but it is at least as likely to contain the ultimate answer. After reading "*His Own Country*" it might be well to take up E. G. Stern's "*My Mother and I*" (Macmillan, \$1.00)—the self-story of a young Polish Jew girl's growing up in America and of her transformation—before her mother's uncomprehending eyes—into an American. It is not the history of an extreme case—of the absorption into the living body of our national life, of a human particle hopelessly alien. Yet it does show us, as through some clear-lensed microscope, the miraculous chemics of our country's digestive powers actually and individually operative.

WILLIAM ARCHER, the English critic, has compiled an anthology of quotations from German war literature—books and pamphlets—representing about

(Continued on page 75)

Heartening the Poilus



LOUIS GAREL,
BABY 1259

A LADY connected with the active work of The Fatherless Children of France tells us that when a French soldier from the trenches gets his leave of absence and finds that French homes still exist and that French families have been kept together largely through American generosity, such as that of LIFE's readers who contribute to this fund for the support of the babies, he goes back to his work of fighting for France with renewed hope and renewed vigor. To-day a Frenchman fighting for France is also a Frenchman fighting for America. We can well afford to sustain his spirit, for when he fails, his place must be taken by an American. The aid that LIFE's readers are sending to our gallant ally serves the triple purpose of heartening the present generation of French heroes, of lightening the burden of widowed mothers and of preserving for the future of France the nucleus of generations to come.

This week's contributions show a slight falling off from the average, due probably to the strain on America's money-giving power during Red Cross week.

In the next mail from Paris we expect a list of babies' names and addresses, which will be promptly forwarded to contributors to whose numbers children have not yet been assigned. We have received \$106,417.53, from which \$617,879.95 francs have been remitted to Paris.

We gratefully acknowledge from

Thomas Jones Davis, Duluth, Minn., for Baby No. 1431.....	\$73
Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, Pasadena, Cal., for Baby No. 1432.....	73
Leta Mecartney, Alameda, Cal., for Baby No. 1433.....	73
Elizabeth Clark and Martha Hamilton Clark, Detroit, Mich., for Baby No. 1434.....	73
Elizabeth B. Telfer, Syracuse, N. Y., for Baby No. 1435.....	73
Geo. T. Fulford, Brockville, Canada, for Baby No. 1437.....	73
Elsie Lyon, Meriden, Conn., for Baby No. 1438.....	73
Gioia Vitale, Great Barrington, Mass., for Baby No. 1439.....	73
The children of the Independent Presbyterian Church, Birmingham, Ala., final payment for Baby No. 1440.....	53
Mrs. R. E. Hill, Nunn, Colorado, on account of Baby No. 1365.....	3
Mary, Susan and Hiram Todd, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., on account of Baby No. 1436.....	36

FOR BABY NUMBER 1419

Already acknowledged.....	\$50.78
"Cash," Muncie, Ind.....	5
Proceeds of a performance of "Romantic Mary," by Newport boys and girls.....	15
H. K. Stok von Rosenknold, New York City.....	2

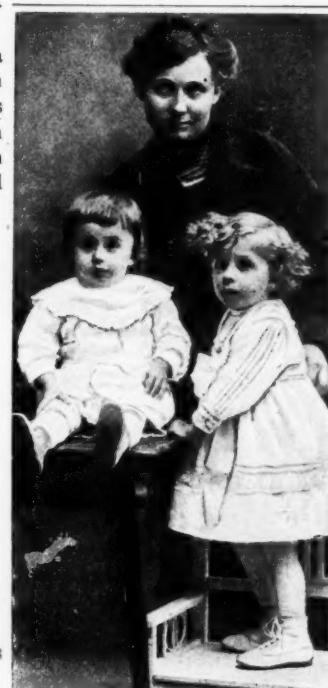
\$72.78



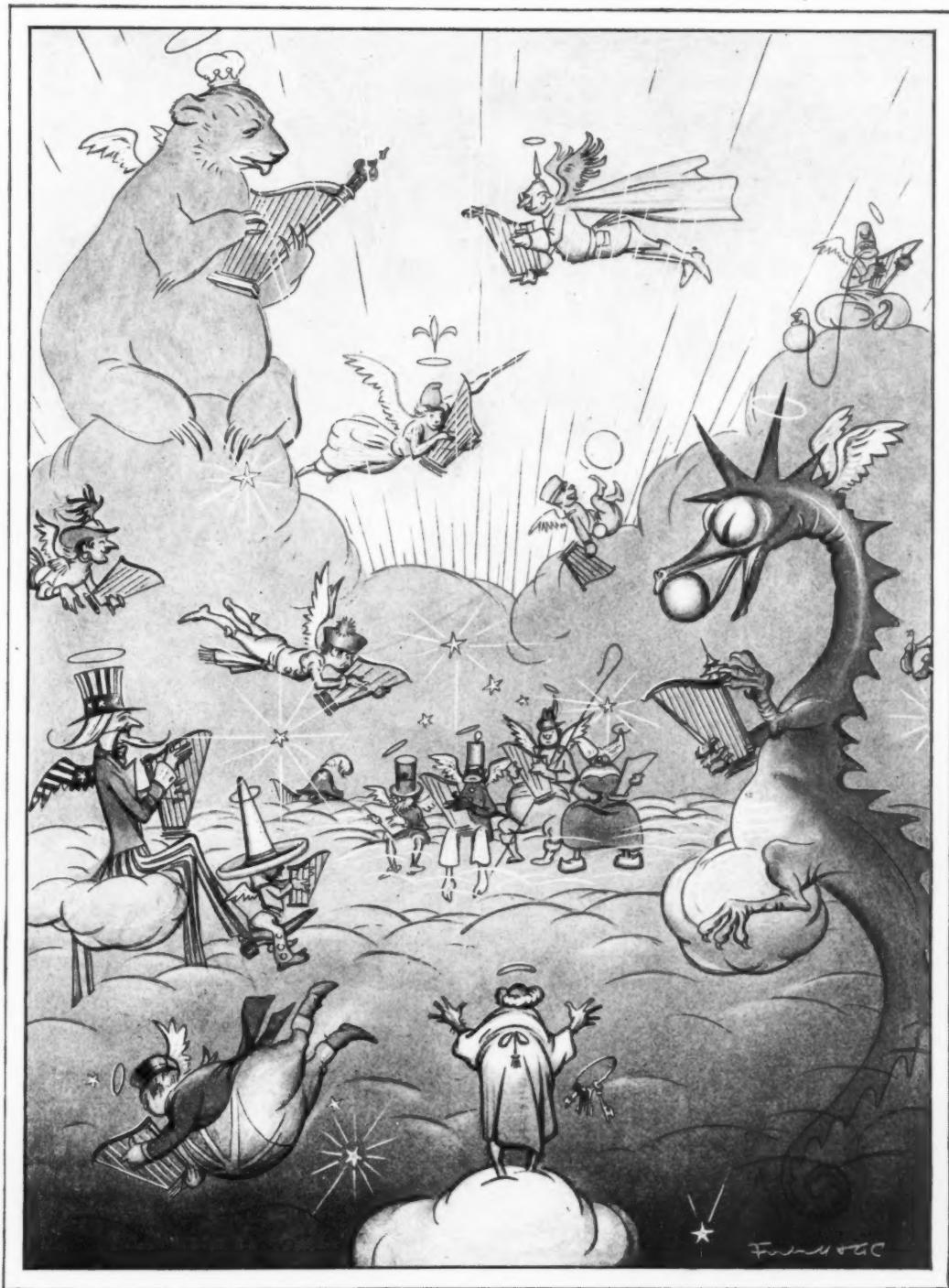
MAURICE BADER, BABY 950, AND HIS MOTHER



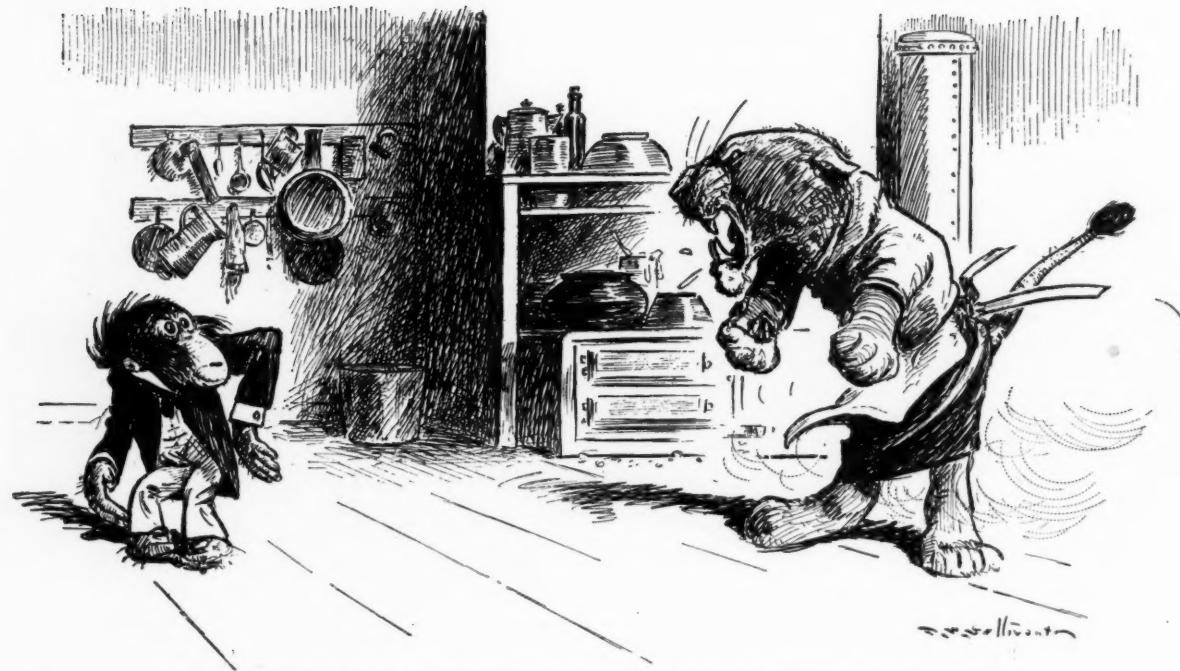
MARIE LABORDE, BABY 1002, AND HER BROTHERS



ANDRÉ ROY, BABY 1286, HIS MOTHER AND SISTER



UNIVERSAL PEACE



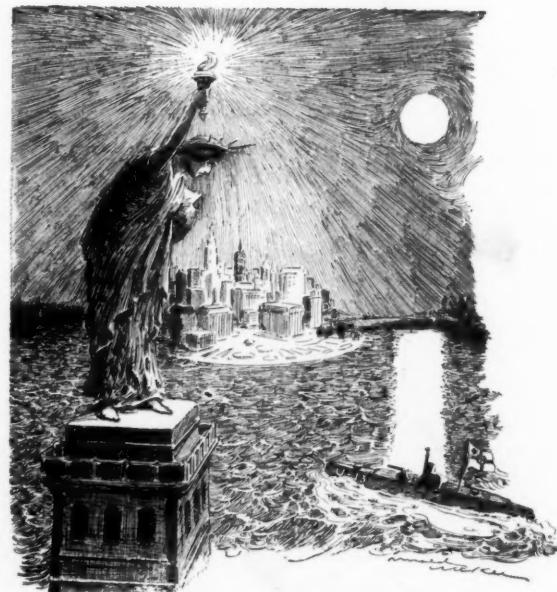
MR. MONKEY, THE WELL-KNOWN PACIFIST, IS REQUESTED BY HIS BETTER HALF TO DISCHARGE
THE COOK

Poppy-Drinkers

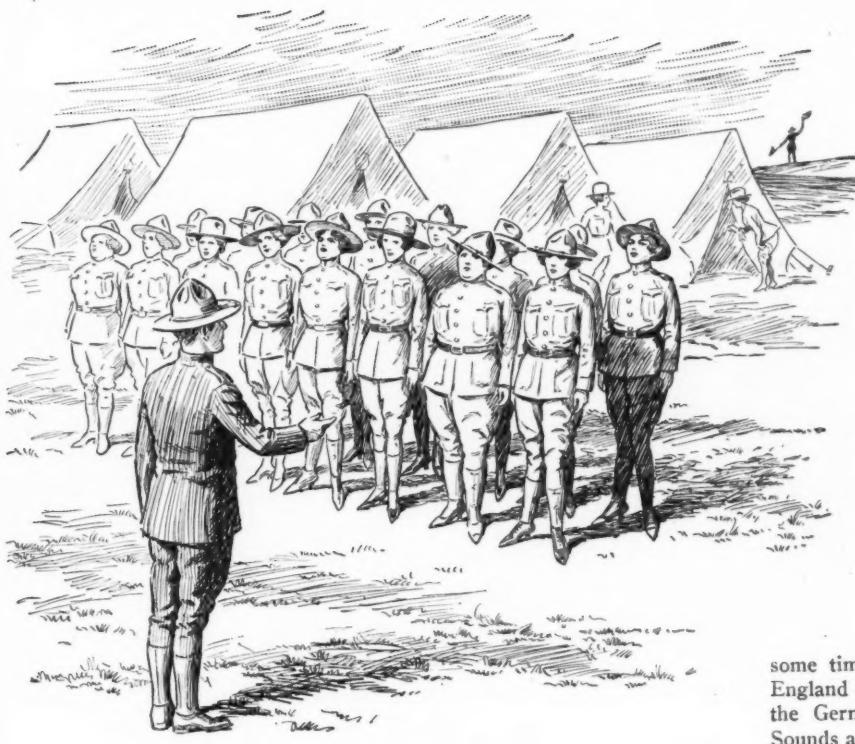
THE pacifists have adopted the white tulip as an emblem. This shows that the pacifists are on the right track. The tulip is similar in size and shape to the poppy, from which opium is derived. One who lingers too long in a field of poppies falls into a languorous doze, in which he fancies himself secure from all harm, and sees visions of surpassing loveliness. One who partakes of the juice of the poppy is filled with a false confidence, and becomes so numb in body and brain that if anyone gave him a swift kick, he would scarcely feel it. There is only one finish for the person who toys with the juice of the poppy, and that is oblivion and ultimate destruction. In selecting as an emblem a flower that can scarcely be told—in emblem form—from the poppy, the pacifists have made a wise selection; for, judged by his words, the pacifist lives “to eat the lotus of the Nile and drink the poppies of Cathay.”

The Test

A PRACTICAL way to gauge one's value as a citizen is truthfully to consider how a nation composed entirely of one's self and facsimiles of one's self would weigh in the international balance. Would its citizens be lazy, otiose, fitfully virtuous and periodically vicious; or self-controlled, industrious, fond of a fight when others asked for it, but attached to peace whenever practicable? Precisely as a man can answer such questions his eligibility for citizenship may be measured.



SEEING THINGS AT NIGHT



"HEADS UP, LADIES; HEELS TOGETHER, WHERE POSSIBLE"

Are Your Manners Bad Enough?

If Not, Apply at Once to Headquarters and Have Them Properly Trained

LIFE'S School of Bad Manners fills a long-felt want. It has frequently been recognized that bad manners in American life are a practical asset. They are a necessity in so many homes and public places that we feel we are performing a real service in placing them within the reach of all, at a moderate figure.

We guarantee to bring every home up to the standard of the bad manners of a custom house in ten lessons. Children's bad manners are now usually due to their parents, who, as everyone knows, are too busy to pay real attention to them. We teach all children to "sass" their fathers and mothers in a scientific manner. We make it a real pleasure.

Our departments are in charge of custom house officers, railroad gatemen, street-car conductors and some Broadway Hebrews. We teach you how to make a real noise with soup, how to insult a gentlewoman, how to get there first in every crowd, and how to get in front of other automobiles and stay there. Some young men, for example, display a lamentable timidity over bringing a half-lighted cigar stump into a car full of women.

Remember that LIFE's School of Bad Manners is an American institution. Now that this country has become a world-power, we want to maintain our great reputation.

Preparing in Cold Blood

THEY say we are cold about the war, though dutiful. We are responding as a people to the call of our government, but the war has not really come home to us yet.

Our lack of war-heat is natural, and time and events will cure it. That the country responds to the call of duty is the great thing. It does respond, and that shows discipline in our people. They accept the decision made for them by those whom they have authorized to decide.

They can obey: they can sacrifice self in the common interest. That vindicates democratic government as we practice it. It is imperfect, but at heart it is sound.

History Repeats Itself

ENGLAND extends her profound thanks to Berlin. It was stated some time ago by the German newspapers that England would be starved out by June first. Now the Germans have changed it to August first. Sounds a little bit like the Kaiser's Christmas dinner in Paris.



"COULD YOU—ER—GIVE ME A BLOND HAIR TO PUT ON MY COAT, MISS ROSE? MY WIFE HAS SOMEHOW GOTTEN THE IDEA THAT OTHER WOMEN ARE INDIFFERENT TO ME."



Disgusted Dealer: HM-M! IF THAT'S THE HORSE I GUESS I'LL TAKE THE COW, AND IF IT'S THE COW I'LL TAKE THE HORSE, BUT IF IT'S BOTH I DON'T WANT IT.

The New Regime

WE learn that the upright position assumed by man, during the last few centuries which we recall, is responsible for most of the troubles that flesh is heir to. A return to the four-footed basis is accompanied by a corresponding return to health and strength. The organs of the body have not had time to adapt themselves to all of the modern improvements. By going around on all fours, the equilibrium of Mother Nature is restored.

When you think that it is necessary to go on a vacation, put your money in the bank and walk about on all fours for a couple of weeks; you will feel like a new man.

The only objection to this principle is that it doesn't go far enough. If we wish to recreate our bodies by reverting to the time when we were only animals, why stop at all fours? Primitive man used to rend his food with his hands, and he wore skins next to his own skin.

Now our ladies wear skins over their clothes.

The possibilities of this new regime are limitless. The spectacle of a beautiful lady, wearing a bear-skin rug, and walking on all fours up Fifth Avenue, would go far towards rejuvenating society. In the first place, it would be an entirely new style, and that alone is worth the price of admission. Second, it would restore the bloom of youth to the lady's cheek, and she would no longer have to use the artificial coloring matter at present in vogue in respectable circles. Thus we would have that ideal condition of things represented by the triumph of Nature over Art.

Wives

WHEN Adam, coining lovely words,
Had named the fishes, beasts and birds,
And all the vales of Paradise with praise of him were rife,
He proudly told his charming mate;
And Eve remarked, "You're very late!"—
It's easier to please a three-ring circus than a wife.

When stout Horatius, braving hordes
And slaying fierce Etruscan lords,
Had stemmed the flood to bring his spouse the tidings of
the strife,
She merely yawned, "Well, don't forget
To change your shoes; they're sopping wet!"—
It's easier to please a fighting nation than a wife.

And when, for lack of nobler thought,
These idle verses having wrought,
I showed the sad result to her who dominates my life,
She said, "I don't think much of *that!*"
But isn't this a perfect hat?"—
It's easier (I hope) to please you, Reader, than a wife!

Arthur Guiterman.



"GIVE YOUR NEW FOOD TIME TO ASSIMILATE, AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT SOON"

GRUFF BACHELOR (*in restaurant*): I am glad to see your baby has kept still at last, madam.

MOTHER: Yes, sir. You are the only thing that has pleased him since he saw the animals eat at the zoo.

SILAS: Got yer north field plowed yet?

REUBEN: Yes, a bunch of amateur golfers went over it yesterday.



OUR SHIRT-SLEEVE DIPLOMACY
IF IT WERE REALLY AS BAD AS IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE

Elwood Hoover



MYRMIDONS OF FOOD CONTROL SUSPECT BINKS OF POSSESSING MORE THAN HIS SHARE OF PRUNES

Attention, Slackers!

THERE are plenty of people in this world whose principal occupation is consuming good food and spending good money without any corresponding benefit to society. These people are going to be hard put to it during the coming year. We have been carrying them along now for some time, and their number has increased so that they have become a considerable part of our population. Most of them have acquired an extraordinary kind of skill in getting themselves taken care of, which in itself requires about as much energy as if they had to support themselves. It is very difficult for them to change, because this skill consists in the evasion of any responsibility. The war, however, is bound to find them out. They will be apprehended, tabulated and brought out into the open, to face the music. But this process will in reality be one which they themselves will be forced to

achieve, as a matter of self-defense; and for the reason that those upon whom they have come to depend will no longer have time to cater to them. Left thus high and dry, they will be compelled to shift for themselves. Thus every slacker will become a seeker after the means to make himself useful.

How to Get Strong and How to Stay So

IF you want to establish robust health, think and talk a great deal about things that disturb you and make you unhappy. Meal-time offers a splendid opportunity to talk over business troubles, your losses and reverses. It will be a good tonic for your wife and children. In fact, the whole family will enjoy it immensely, and it will be a great aid to digestion.

Never lose an opportunity to tell your friends and acquaintances your

ailments—a subject dear to everybody's heart.

Do not forget to read all the medical books you can get hold of—buying, borrowing, or getting them out of the library—especially those which describe ailments and troubles which you think you have. The information thus gained will be an uplift to yourself, and it will make you so interesting to others!

Never allow other things, especially your occupation, to keep your mind off your troubles, particularly those that are physical. There is a great healing power in the constant dwelling upon and visualizing of our afflictions, our misfortunes, aches and pains. It tends to soothe and erase them. Many people make the mistake of trying to forget their sufferings. You want to get all the good there is in their discipline, and there is a lot of it, if you only keep them vividly in mind.

TO be efficient is human; to be careless is divine.



*HOW do you know
Which is the Man ?*

"Your Nose Knows"

Sight often deceives, but fragrance never. The *pure fragrance* of a good tobacco proclaims not only the quality of the smoke but the character of the smoker. Choose your tobacco then by that infallible test of *pure fragrance*—"Your Nose Knows."

For *pure fragrance* no tobacco compares with

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Its *fragrance* is the *fragrance* of Nature, the sunny Blue Grass fragrance of Old Kentucky, where Tuxedo's tender Burley leaves are grown, and cured, and blended—a *pure fragrance* all its own—"Your Nose Knows."



Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment.

"Your Nose Knows"
Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.





Mistakes Will Happen

A woman doctor of Philadelphia was calling on a young sister, recently married, who was in distress. In response to the doctor's inquiry the newly-wed said:

"I cooked a meal for the first time yesterday, and I made an awful mess of it."

"Never mind, dearie," said the doctor, cheerfully; "it's nothing to worry about. I lost my first patient."—*Harper's*.

Advice to Poets

"Is it necessary to enclose stamps?" asked the poet.

"More necessary even than to enclose poetry," responded the experienced author.—*London Opinion*.

Boor (making conversation): I passed your house to-day.

SHE (absently): Oh, thank you ever so much.—*Widow*.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.



"GOOD GRACIOUS, MARY! WHAT AM I EATING?"
"CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN. I MADE IT OUT OF
TWO TURNIPS AND A CUP OF RICE."

Quite Reckless

The barber was finishing lathering a customer, and was talking volubly as usual.

"Yes, sir," he said, "we have to mind what we're about here. Every time we cut a customer's face we are fined a 'tanner,' and if we make an ugly gash it costs us a 'bob'!"

Then, picking up and brandishing a razor, he added: "But I don't care a hang to-day. I've just won a 'quid'!"

—*Tit-Bits*.

Give Us the Chance

When Booth Tarkington was visiting Naples he was present at an eruption of Vesuvius.

"You haven't anything like that in America, have you?" said an Italian friend with pride.

"No, we haven't," replied Tarkington; "but we've got Niagara Falls that would put the d——d thing out in five minutes."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

"EVERY time I sing in public I give the proceeds to charity."

"Your conscience fund, I suppose."
—*The Lamb*.



JONES (who has mistaken his neighbor's apartment for his own): Sh! Not (hic) nuzzer word, my dear! We'll talk thish over in the morning.



"Are you fond of rice, Miss Hen?"
"Oh, Mr. Leghorn! Te-hee, this is so sudden!"

We Give It Away

The Miniature Edition of

Life

Number Four

Now Ready



THE STATE ROAD

As it seems when you are just learning

Long experience has demonstrated to us that this little LIFE is great, not only to little men, but to big men, medium men and all women and children. It is of course beautifully printed in colors, and in all respects is an exact reproduction in miniature of the larger LIFE. It contains the best things that have appeared in LIFE for a number of years.

Do you want a copy?

Send us your address and name and a perfectly good, uncancelled U. S. two-cent stamp, and you will receive it by return mail.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York



"OH, MARY! I'VE SWALLOWED SOME CHLOROFORM LINIMENT! QUICK! AN ANTIDOTE! WHAT DOES IT SAY?"

"FRESH AIR, ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION, AND HOLD UP PATIENT BY THE HEELS!"

The Latest Books

(Continued from page 65)

one hundred and twenty authors, many of them of world-wide reputation. There are five hundred of these extracts, sorted into some dozens of subject groups, and these again separated into a before- and after-the-war arrangement. The volume (Doubleday, Page, \$1.25) is called "Gems (?) of German Thought," and a little of it goes a long way—so virulently has this boiling-down process brought out the tannin of Teutonic egotism. However, for those who can't fight unless they are mad, a teaspoonful will be found helpful now and then.

SOME exquisite harmonies of chimed and chanted English, some poems of deep feeling, war-derived and woman-hearted, are gathered in Josephine Preston Peabody's volume of verse called "Harvest Moon" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.25) and dedicated to the women of Europe. Students of the struggle between the new freedom and the old law in poetic form should—to whichever camp their inclinations bind them—find evidence here of how all things work together for good to those who love beauty. And to those who are neither students nor partisans, nor even poetasters, the Cradle Song on page three is commended as a thing of universal and enduring loveliness.

THERE is little either poetic or lovely in the "Soldier Songs" (Dutton, \$1.00) that Patrick Macgill publishes. And yet these naive and sing-songy expressions of childish longing and primitive sentiment are somehow poignantly indicative of the shared monotony of suffering and horror that deaden men's minds in the trenches. The author of "Children of the Dead End," "The Rat Pit" and, after his enlistment, of "The Great Push," is here once more a recording realist with a gift of interpretative selection.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*But what is
"medium" oil?*

"A quart of medium oil, please!"

**What is "light" oil?
What is "heavy" oil?**

EVERY motorist should know this once and for all: "Light", "medium" and "heavy", when applied to oils are extremely uncertain terms.

They are no more definite than "mild", "medium" and "strong" when applied to tobacco.

We have never yet found two "light", "medium" or "heavy" oils of different manufacture which tested alike.

Of nine different "medium" oils we recently purchased from different dealers no two were alike either in specific gravity or in viscosity.

So if the motorist always asks for "medium" oil, the resulting lubrication will plainly be uneven.

For the one time when he secures a proper piston-ring seal there are many times when the piston-ring seal will be poor. The fuel charge and power will then waste past the rings. And it is quite possible that this motorist should never have asked for "medium" oil in the first place.

The thorough piston-ring seal supplied by the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car never varies. The power and economy discovered in the first gallon will be continued as long as you use the oil.

Every quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is exactly like every other quart of "A". "B" is always "B", "E" always "E", "Arctic" always "Arctic".

The following test rarely fails to show surprising results in favor of scientific lubrication:

An Economical Demonstration

It will probably cost you less than \$1 to fill your reservoir with the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car. Your dealer has it, or can promptly secure it for you.

Ask him to empty your reservoir of its present oil and fill it with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils. You can then judge for yourself, the results in—gasoline economy and reduced oil consumption, to say nothing of reduced carbon deposit and greater power.

Write for new 56-page booklet containing complete discussion of your lubrication problems, list of troubles with remedies and complete Charts of Recommendations for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Tractors and Marine Engines.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If your dealer has not the grade specified for your car, he can easily secure it for you.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery.

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Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation: The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"

Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter and position the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A", "E" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted. This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Co.'s Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

Model of CARS	1917	1916	1915	1914	1913	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Allen	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (Mod. 33-34-35)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Auburn (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Bridgestone	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Case	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Mod. 6-49)	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Med. 6-30)	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cole	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dart	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Mod. C.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Detrola	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dodge	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	Arc
Duryea	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Empire (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	Arc
Federal	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	B	E	E	E	E	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Grant	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Hal-Twelve	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Haynes	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Hudson	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Super Six)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jeffery	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	B	E	E	Arc
Kearns	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
King	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (Mod. 20)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Mod. (48)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Lexington	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lippard Stewart	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Mod. M)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Mod. M/W	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Locomobile	E	E	E	E	E	Arc
McFarlan	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (22-70)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell (8 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moline	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
National	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (18 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Overland	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Paige	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6-16)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6-36-38)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pathfinder	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Perriman	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Regal	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Renault (French)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ros	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Richmond	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Riley	E	E	E	E	E	E
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	A	A	B	A	B	A
Simplex	A	A	B	A	B	A
Stearns-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Veale (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Westcott	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
White	A	A	B	A	B	A
" (16 valve)	A	A	B	A	B	A
Willys-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A
Willys Six	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc

Electric Vehicles: For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year 'round. For open chains and differential, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C", the year 'round.

Exception: For winter lubrication of pleasure cars use the Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive.

Good Puttees

will be none too plentiful this year. Protect yourself when purchasing by insisting on these two famous "standard" brands:

The "RidAu"
Riding and auto style. In fine heavy grain leather. Pigskin finish. Russet or black. \$5.00

"The Iron Ox"
Military style. Heavy grain leather. Smooth finish. Russet only. Very durable. \$8.00

Canvas Puttees and Leggings
\$1.00

If your dealer can't supply you, send order with remittance direct to us. Be sure to state size of shoe and calf measurement; also whether russet or black leather.

Wiley-Bickford-Sweet Company
Hartford, Conn., Worcester, Mass.
U. S. A.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

Blissful Ignorance

It was during the nerve-racking period of waiting for the signal to attack that a seasoned old sergeant noticed a young soldier fresh from home visibly affected by the nearness of the coming fight. His face was pale, his teeth chattering, and his knees tried to touch each other. It was sheer nervousness, but the sergeant thought it was sheer funk.

"Tompkins," he whispered, "is it trembling you are for your dirty skin?"

"No, no, sergeant," said he, making a brave attempt to still his limbs. "I'm trembling for the Germans; they don't know I'm here."—*Tit-Bits*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A Gentle Dissolution

A couple of Philadelphia youths, who had not met in a long while, met and fell to discussing their affairs in general.

"I understand," said one, "that you broke your engagement with Clarice Collins."

"No, I didn't break it."

"Oh, she broke it?"

"No, she didn't break it."

"But it is broken?"

"Yes. She told me what her raiment cost, and I told her what my income was. Then our engagement sagged in the middle and gently dissolved."

—*The Lamb*.

"How's your garden getting along?"

"All right. I haven't interfered with it yet."—*Detroit Free Press*.

His Application

An alien, wishing to be naturalized, applied to the clerk of the office, who requested him to fill out a blank, which he handed him. The first three lines of the blank ran as follows:

Name?

Born?

Business?

The answers follow:

Name, Jacob Levinsky.

Born, Yes.

Business, Rotten.—*Harper's*.

Two Wives

"My wife is like George Washington; I don't believe she could tell a lie to save her soul."

"You're lucky! Mine can tell a lie the minute I get it out of my mouth."

—*The Columbus Citizen*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

SHADRACH, Meshach and Abednego had just emerged unscathed from the fiery furnace. "Come on, boys," said Shad, "let's go down to the post office and get our copies of LIFE. If we hadn't been good enough prophets to become subscribers, we would have missed this week's issue."

DOUBLE GRIP
Boston Garter
Knit Grip
Number 835
Satin Pad, Cable Web
35 cents a pair

This is not a 25 cent garter selling for 35 cents—it is the most luxurious and the most efficient garter to be had for less than 50 cents.

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—From stage coach days to Twentieth Century Limited—

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 107 Years"

Has been a universal favorite. It is a full bodied, straight Pennsylvania Rye. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.

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MAKES THE PERFECT COCKTAIL, HIGHBALL OR RICKEY. Folder containing recipes of famous Bacardi drinks mailed on request.

D. S. DEJONGH. 127 Water Street, New York



BINKS DECIDED TO GIVE HIMSELF A TRYOUT BEFORE JOINING THE AVIATION CORPS



MOVIE OF A MAN ABOUT TO START FOR BUSINESS IN THE MORNING

Drawing the Color Line (Continued from page 52)

Here the Red Cat suddenly had a bright idea.

"Dear me!" he said, with an illuminating smile. "How singular that neither of us has discovered the easy remedy. All you need is to be put out of your misery; therefore, any cat will do. I will introduce you to my cousin who is gray. She will be glad to have you for dinner."

"I am surprised," replied the Blue Mouse, "that you should entertain such a suggestion. If you will reflect, you must see that I could do that myself, by merely putting myself in the

The King of Sports LEARN TO SHOOT

TAKE a few hours "off." Go out to the gun club and try the self played game for self made men. A real sport—

Trapshooting

The lure of the flying clays—their challenge to your gunskill and the game's genuine spirit of friendly competition, combine to lift the load off your mind and send you back to the battle of business with clearer brain and greater "pep."

*The "Sport Alluring" Booklet
on request*

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.

Wilmington



Delaware



Great Western Champagne

"Brut Special 1903" "Special Reserve"
(absolutely brut) (very dry)

"Extra Dry"
(medium)

"Sparkling Red Burgundy"

Produced by the old French slow method of fermentation in the bottle taking from six to seven years of time.

Great Western is the Only American Champagne ever awarded a Gold Medal at Foreign Expositions.

Paris Exposition, 1900, France
Paris Exposition, 1889, France
Brussels Exposition, 1910, Belgium
Vienna Exposition, 1873, Austria
Brussels Exposition, 1897, Belgium
Paris Exposition, 1867, France

Write for our free Illustrated Booklet.

Pleasant Valley Wine Company

Rheims, N. Y.

Oldest and largest producers of Champagne in America

way of a cat of any other color but red. No! They are all my enemies. I should not be sincere if I permitted myself to be eaten by one of them."

"But you will understand," said the Red Cat, "that if I accept your—er—kind invitation to dinner, I shall naturally be compelled, according to my nature, to take my time about it. That means the usual friendly preliminaries—it's apt to be slow and, well, long drawn out—very unpleasant, I assure you."

"Couldn't you give me a quick nip—and have it over with—just to oblige a friend?"

"It's a great deal you ask—first, to sin against my creed, and then to go contrary to my nature; but to be as candid with you as you are with me, I have taken a fancy to you, and I'll do it on one condition."

"Which is?"

"That you recant—make an acknowledgment that you have only been bluffing all your life, and are

really insincere. This will not only give you a great reputation as a professional humorist after your death, but will also be a great revenge on your enemies, who will go about saying: 'And to think he was only a wag after all! And we missed his delightful society.'

"But I couldn't really do it," sighed the Blue Mouse, "because it wouldn't be true. I am really sincere, you know."

"Certainly you are," said the Red Cat. "But, you must know that this is only a matter of form. I could give you any number of instances of worthy people, perfectly sincere, who have recanted at the last moment just to preserve the proprieties. Here, sign this paper. Good! Now we're off!"

* * * * *

"I would have done it anyway," said the Red Cat, as he smacked his lips sleepily. "But it's just as well to have him die true to his innermost convictions."

T. L. M.

Budweiser



Invariably—rare flavor, appetizing fragrance and nutritive wholesomeness are sealed in every bottle of Budweiser.

Bottled at the Brewery

ANHEUSER-BUSCH

ST. LOUIS

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please advise us of any intended change in your address. The post office forwards only letters to changed addresses, not papers. Send us prompt notice or your copies will be lost.

Notice must reach us ten days in advance—by the Monday of the week preceding the date of changing the address.

LIFE
17 West 31st Street, New York
Subscription Department

Judisthra and His Dog

FROM THE MAHABHARATA

The end drew nigh. For spent with battle's rage,
His wife and brothers gone, he scarce knew how,
Judisthra took his final pilgrimage,
One faithful dog his sole retainer now;
When, rainbow-hued with gems, before them rolled
The car of Indra, whence the god, confessed,
In music spoke: "Thou, Rajah, mighty-

Ascend with me to Soorg where dwell the blest."

"Great Lord, we come," Judisthra said, and turned

To call the dog; but Indra's word forbade:

"Nay, Rajah. Place in Soorg may not be earned

By such as this; but loftier spirits, clad In nobler forms like thine, alone may know

The star-bright road." Judisthra spoke again:

"This dog hath served me well through weal and woe

For many years; and now, though sons of men

Desert his lord, he goes where'er I tread,

Demanding naught and giving all he may

In selfless love. And shall it then be said That I, Judisthra, framed of nobler clay,

Could show a meaner faith than this, my friend—

Yea, friend, though dog? Nay, Lord, that must not be.

My road his road, with him I wait the end;

Then go thy way, nor trouble him and me."

Great Indra smiled in grander, kindlier wise,

And bade them both ascend. The chariot flew

With dog and god and man beyond the skies

To that unclouded realm where all are true.

Arthur Guiterman in The Open Door.

GLADYS MACGILLICUDDY had long turned a deaf ear to the wooing of Mephistopheles O'Dunn. Her heart softened, though, and she yielded when he told her that he had entered a year's subscription to LIFE in her name. The wedding bells will soon ring out.

Boyd Cable knows the hearts of fighting men and he knows trench warfare. His stories reach the high-water mark of realism applied to war. His books are *Grapes of Wrath*, *Action Front*, *Between the Lines*.

For Sale Everywhere
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, New York

BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.

YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA

to have your horses shod with Capewell nails.

You do avoid the risk of having cheap imitation nails used—

You do have assurance that the nails will hold the shoe—

But it costs you not a penny more because Capewell nails sell at a fair price and all shoers can afford them. Ask for the Capewell.



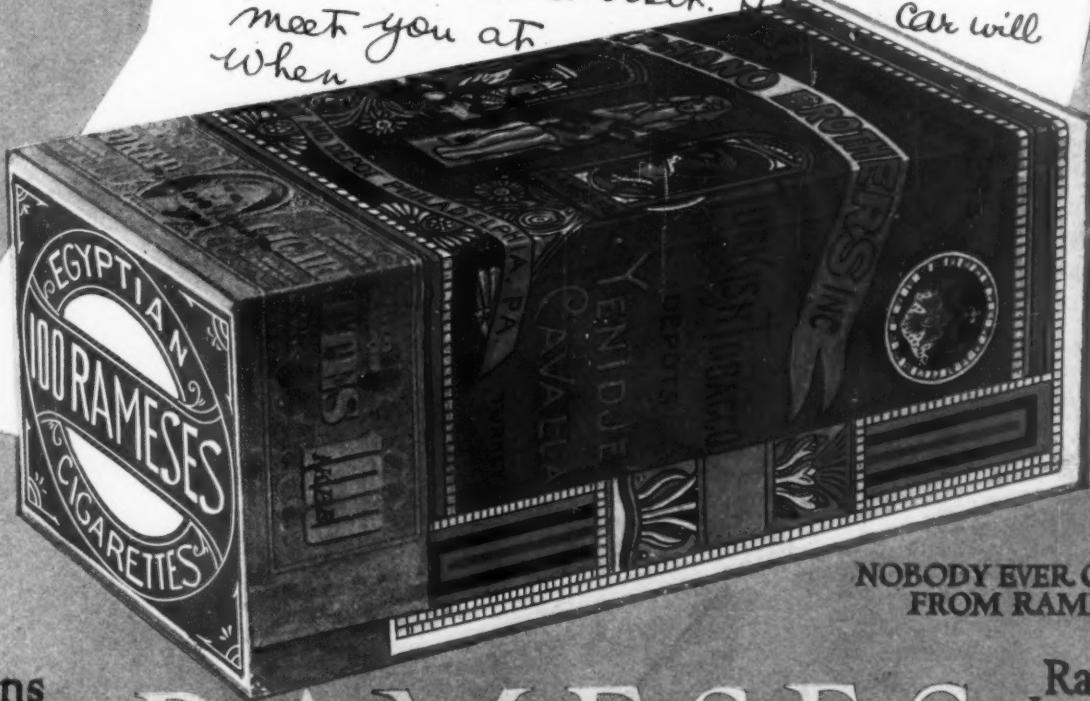
The
Welcome Guest -



CRAIGMERE ON THE
HUDSON

My dear Van:

We are looking forward to
your week-end visit. Our car will
meet you at
When



NOBODY EVER CHANGES
FROM RAMESSES

In Tens
Twenties &
Week End
Tins ~

RAMESSES
THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES

Rameses
Large Size
for
Particular
Occasions

Drink Coca-Cola

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Like the fine companionship of a favorite friend, Coca-Cola is delicious and refreshing—a bond of mutual enjoyment.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO. ATLANTA, GA.



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